

Charles Moore
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th
One Year, 52 insertions.	100.00	80.00	60.00	40.00	30.00	20.00	15.00	10.00	8.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02
Six Months, 26 insertions.	50.00	40.00	30.00	20.00	15.00	10.00	8.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01
Three Months, 13 insertions.	25.00	20.00	15.00	10.00	8.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01
Two Months, Eight insertions.	15.00	12.00	10.00	8.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
One Month, Four insertions.	8.00	6.00	5.00	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
Three insertions.	4.00	3.00	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
Two insertions.	2.00	1.50	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
Single insertion.	1.00	.80	.60	.50	.40	.30	.20	.15	.10	.08	.06	.05	.04	.03	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01

150,000 ACRES OF LAND WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS
G. P. & T. A.
Cincinnati, O.

Christians who "Make More In-
sides than all the Tom
Palices, Bob Ingersolls and Char-
ley Moores".

MT. CARMEL, KY., Sept., 1891.
Bro. MOORE:—I am a poor man,
as I told you when I sent you my
subscription to your paper.

I have a family of eight chil-
dren, one of them feeble-minded
and have but little time or money
at my disposal. But in order to
encourage you in the good work
you have begun, and so heroically
carried on for a year, over the
head of every opposition, I desire
to say to you and all who may
read this, that from the very
depths of my soul I sympathize
with you, in your efforts to expose
the hypocrites by whom we are
ruled both in politics and religion.

If I had \$1,000 or \$2,000, that I
could do without, I would gladly
invest it in stock in the Blade.

But alas! of silver and gold I
have but little, but such as I have
I will give unto thee. My prayers
to God are for you and for more
men like you. Your paper I get
each week is read by at least four
families, and I am going to get
you five subscribers to your paper
this year at the poor man's rate,
or pay myself to have your paper
sent to five poor men, and more if
I can. I have said before and I
repeat it now, that I believe the
Bible from Genesis to Revelation,
but I can not believe in a religion
that gets a man no higher than to
vote the old Democratic whisky
soaked, personal liberty ticket, or
the Republican party beer guz-
zlers' ticket.

No one can be religiously right
and politically wrong. One may
be politically right and religiously
wrong, but to be religiously right
he must be politically right. You
are doing all you can to get men
politically right. You are casting
out the whisky devil, and I am
sorry to say the disciples are for-
bidding you just as they did when
Jesus was here upon earth.

They found a man casting out
devils and forbade him and went
and told Jesus about it.
And Jesus said "Fobid him not
for he that is not against us is for
us". And there are a great many
preachers to-day who can't catch
on to that statement of Jesus, but
join the saloon-keepers and
whisky devils in crying infidel,
infidel, and then on election day
go to the polls and vote for the
parties that legalize whisky that
makes more infidels in one year
than all the Tom Palices, Bob
Ingersolls and Charley Moores
that ever were on earth. Matthew
7th chapter 15th and 16th verses—
"Beware of false prophets which
come to you in sheep's clothing,
but inwardly they are ravening
wolves. Ye shall know them by
their fruits".

How about the crop of drunk-
ards that by the votes of many of
the disciples is being brought
forth every year?

No drunkard can enter the
Kingdom of Heaven, and therefore
the fruit of many of those disci-
ples is evil. Woe unto him that

gives his neighbor drink; that
puteth the bottle unto him and
maketh him drunk. Also 2nd
chapter of Habakkuk. Everyone
who votes the Democratic or Re-
publican ticket has the curse of
God after him and will be over-
taken sure. The Democrat and
Republican parties are whisky
parties and everybody knows it.
The Christians of this country are
responsible for all the drunkards,
and they will have to answer in
the judgment for voting for these.

A just God can never send the
drunkard to hell and send the
man who voted to license whisky
to heaven. The cries of defence-
less women and children have
reached up to heaven, and the
Almighty has sent out the Prohi-
bition party to stop the whisky
business, and it must stop; if it
takes a year, or ten thousand
years, the rum traffic must die.

You ask the people from all
over the country to write and let
you know whether you are the
right man or not. You are ex-
actly the right man in the right
place. No amount of kid glove
handling these religious and po-
litical hypocrites will ever in the
world avail anything.

Nothing but just such sledge
hammer blows as you are hitting
them will ever cause them to quit
their evil ways. Hold them up
and expose their evil deeds, their
wicked ways, their vile practices,
and their bad habits; and their
self respect will help them to re-
form. If they do not reform the
people will forsake them sooner
or later. Give us an editor like
you to run his paper in every
State in the Union and the money
to run his paper as it ought to be
run, and the Prohibition party
will rule this country in less than
five years.

A word now to those who owe
Bro. Moore for his paper.

If you want to help put out the
whisky devil send the money you
owe by the next mail, if possible.
Get up a club in the near future;
take as much stock in the Blade
as you can. Only let us furnish
the editor with the sinews of war,
and if you do not hear the whisky
monster roaring in less than a
year I can not discern the signs
of the times.

But if you desire whisky rule
hypocrisy and drunkenness, just
continue to howl infidel, infidel,
refuse to pay the editor what you
justly owe him, and continue to
vote the Democratic and Republi-
can tickets, and if you are not
confronted in the final judgment
by those who have been made
drunk, and who robbed and stole
and murdered while under the in-
fluence of whisky it will be be-
cause there is no just judgment in
the universe.

Brethren, go read Acts 4 and
5, and compare the church of the
present day with the church you
read of there, and ask yourselves
was not Charley Moore half right
when he said "Down with the
churches". Compare the preaching
of to-day with the preaching of
that day and ask yourselves was
he not half right when he said
"Down with the churches".

God bless the church and the
preachers; they are asleep.
Brethren like the disciples the
night Jesus was taken. Let us
awake them.

Yours for Prohibition,
E. C. ROLPH.

That's one of the most sensible
of the many sensible letters that
were ever written to the Blade.
That is the spirit of the Chris-
tian religion. That brother says
he believes everything in the
Bible from Genesis to Revolu-
tions. I don't believe all of it by
a jug full, but his religion and
mine are as much alike as two
black eye peas, because we get it
out of the same book, and we are
trying to do the same thing.
"Blessed are they that do his com-
mandments".

It does not amount to a hill of
beans with me, if that brother be-
lieves that Jonah swallowed a
string of whales as long as from
here to Cincinnati, just so he does
right.

Certainly I was right when I
said "Down with the churches
and the preachers". We don't
want one of these modern churches
or modern preachers in the world,
and the sooner we get rid of the
whole of them the better. When
the people of this country revive
the primitive church of the first
Christians, I want to take stock
in it. Those people had no build-
ings for churches but they met at
each other's houses, and the pur-
pose of the meeting was to inquire
who needed help, and to arrange
to help them, and every man
brought along with him money
with which to do that, according
as he had prospered in business.
I am in for a church of that
kind any day that anybody will
start it.

And as to that matter of having
property in common that the
brother alludes to, I have said for
years that the Shakers were not
far wrong on that subject if the
old fools had not spoiled it all by
saying we should not have our
wives.

I like a good kind of religion
very well, but I would not give
my wife and children for all the
religion in the world.

Bellamy's "Looking Backward"
is all built upon the idea of the
early Christian community of
property.

But for these fine churches that
stick their steeple away up in the
sky, and these fine preachers that
try to stick themselves up as high
as their steeple. I have no use on
earth. They do not make an
honest dollar in a year. They are
magnificent dead beats, and are
not worth their salt.

I do not mean somebody else's
preachers away off yonder. I
mean that priests and preachers
right here in Lexington, are a
worthless set. They have been
hanging their big churches here for
a hundred years and blowing
their big horns and organs, and
are living in palatial style, and
dress finer than I did when I was
the only son of a daddy that had
a hundred thousand dollars, or
even finer than I did when I was
married, or was a drummer for
Levering's coffee, and they are
the slickest articles that walk
these streets; and yet after the
thousands and thousands of dol-
lars that are annually paid them,
when it comes to an election there
are only 62 people in a town of
nearly 30,000, that under the be-
nign influence of the Christian re-
ligion are even willing to vote for
common decency.

In the early days of the Chris-
tian religion the preachers were
quitting getting whipped and
kicked about by the bad men they
were working against; but in Lex-
ington to-day every saloon-keeper
in the town, and every distiller
and gambler and thief in the
whole town pulls off his hat and
smiles when he meets any priest
or preacher; and I, an old gray-
headed benighted heathen, with a
bay-window on my front elevation
like a premium punkin, am the
only fellow in town that these fel-
lows want to kill because he says
anything against them.

Yes, put all these preachers to
honest work shucking corn 'n'
wading around in the water,
building water-gaps, like I have
just been doing, knock the steeple
off these churches and make busi-
ness houses of them; tear out
these old organs and sell the big
horns in them for stove pipes and
the rest of them for butchers' re-
frigerators, and let the honest
Christian people meet when neces-
sary to consult about helping
their fellow men, and you will
make more honest converts to the
Christian religion in a week than
all of these fine gentlemen have
made in a hundred years.

You hold while I skin, Bro.
Rolph, and we will get even with
some of them.

Both of Them Wrong.

Charles C. Moore editor of the
Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.,
is an infidel advocating Prohibi-
tion, an unusual association; his
enemies are churchmen advocating
whisky, an illogical but very com-
mon sight.

Put him and them on trial be-
fore God to receive judgment on
their moral merits, he an unbeli-
ever, but fighting God's and
man's worst foe; they, believers,
but serving the biggest anti-Christ
devil this side of hell.

If his punishment be a warm
place, then their's must be scorch-
ing hot.

Editor Moore has nothing to
fear on being weighed along with
those that kiss the Master and
then betray him.

"They that knoweth the Mas-
ter's will and doeth it not shall
be beaten with many stripes".
God mercifully pities a fool,
but righteously hates a hypocrite.

THE NASHVILLE ISSUE

As the issue gets its English to-
gether a little loosely, I will pre-
sume that the above is all intended
for kindness.

It seems strange however, that
any man should think, as the Is-
sue seems to do, that there is any
"moral merit" in belief, or de-
merit in unbelief; belief being a
mere accident of circumstance, or
the logical receptivity of the mind
to which it is presented, and both
of these being circumstances over
which a man has no control. Bel-
ief and unbelief are not matters
of volition or of preference, but of
necessity.

If there is no merit or demerit
in the belief or disbelief of the
plainest proposition conceivable,
certainly there could be no de-
merit in the disbelief of a state-
ment which seems intrinsically
and essentially improbable.

No sensible man would say that
some other man sins in not believ-
ing that the three angles of every
triangle are equivalent to two
right angles, or that a third man
is a good man because he believes
that the square described on the
hypotenuse of a right angle tri-
angle is equivalent to the sum of
the squares described on the other
two sides.

One of the greatest scholars and
best men that I ever knew, be-
lieved that the stars were inhab-
ited by intelligent beings, and I
have made the same argument in
"The Rational View", but I do
not think that it makes a man any
better or worse to believe or dis-
believe, that the stars are inhab-
ited.

Talmage has lately preached a
sermon in which he expresses the
belief that Gen. Dyrenfurth has
succeeded in making it rain by
exploding gases. I have had
precisely the same testimony on

the subject that Dr. Talmage has
had, but I do not believe that
Gen. Dyrenfurth ever made a sin-
gle raindrop fall, or that the firing
of a cannonball, or a gas balloon
would come any nearer to making
it rain than the firing of a
Christmas fire cracker.

Yet nobody would say that Tal-
mage's belief in Dyrenfurth's rain
theory makes Talmage any better
man than I am.

I know the best kind of men
who believe in spiritualism, and
believe that they see spirits and
talk to them, and I believe them
to be sensible and cultivated and
honest men; and yet after I have
carefully listened to their testi-
mony on the subject I do not be-
lieve there is any reason to be-
lieve that they believe on that
subject, and I do not believe any
of it; and yet no man of sound
judgment says that I sin in not
believing what these gentlemen
do.

The large majority of us are
satisfied from the evidence that
the world and the heavenly bodies
move; but when occasionally we
come across a man who does not
accept the Copernican theory of
astronomy, but inclines to the
opinion of the Rev. Joseph that
"the sun do move," nobody says
the majority are any better or the
dissenter is any worse in conse-
quence of their belief or disbelief
about the earth's motion, though
we have all had precisely the
same evidence on the subject.

But if I go ahead and say fur-
thermore that I believe that for
the last ten thousand years the
earth and all of these heavenly
bodies have moved without inter-
ruption, just as they are doing
to-day, my brother Prohibitionist
editor of the "Issue" will insinuate
that I am a "fool" and that be-
cause I believe that I deserve
to be burnt in hell just a little
less than a man who upholds the
liquor traffic.

My brother of the "Issue" calls
my attention to the alleged fact
that about three thousand years
ago, a man named Joshua having
occasion to murder a great many
innocent men could not get
through the job before night, so
he just ordered the sun and moon
to stand still, and the earth and
heavenly bodies all obeyed him.

In all the cycles of eternity my
brother of the "Issue" thinks that
such a thing never had been done
before, and never will be done
again, even by the God that made
the universe, but because I do not
believe that story and could not
believe it, if my life depended upon
it, my brother Prohibitionist
seems to think it an instance of
rare Christian charity that he
holds me morally a little above a
man who does believe that story
but is engaged in perpetuating the
damnest infamy that ever dis-
graced the human race.

Just as long as the belief in
that story of Joshua is made any
part of the Christian religion, and
a man who does not believe it but
does love and revere the character
of Jesus of Nazareth, is put almost
on the same footing with a man
who does believe it and votes
against Prohibition, will the
church be the "covenant with hell
and league with the devil" and
"bulwark of the rum traffic" that
the New York Voice said it is,
and to which the large majority
of the Prohibition papers of the
United States have said Amen.

Dr. Talmage on "Rain Mak-
ing."

While all Prohibitionists should
appreciate the services of Dr. Tal-
mage to Prohibition it is true
that as a scientist he is exceed-
ingly unreliable. He has lately
preached a sermon in which he
announces that "rain making"
is an accomplished fact, and that
the next thing to be done will be
to find some means of stopping
the rain when it is excessive.

This disposition to believe in
the improbable over very limited
testimony probably accounts for an
"orthodoxy" in religious matters
that is somewhat remarkable in a
man of his prominence.

Surely there has been abso-
lutely nothing in the experiments
of Gen. Dyrenfurth to prove the
efficacy of his rain making theory,
and there is no scientific basis for
his theory.

It is exceedingly doubtful if it
would be any improvement upon
the order of nature for men to ex-
ercise the power of rain making if
they had the power; and it is al-
most certain that there would be
most conflict of interest and con-
sequent great dissatisfaction as to
the time at which the rain should
be produced.

Just now for instance, I as a
farmer, and the whole farming
interest of the Bluegrass Region
need rain for our grass and wheat,
and there is nothing in the agri-
cultural interest of this section
that would be injured by the rain.
We of the farming interest would
say, without an exception almost,
that we are ready for a heavy rain
just at the hour I write this.

But if we had the rain making
power and the superintendent of
the weather should turn on a
heavy rain right now, he would
be in great personal danger for
doing so, if somebody did not kill
him for it.

Before the earth could dry from
such a rain the time for the trot-
ting race between "Nancy Hanks"

and "Allerton" will have come,
and the race track in Lexington
would be muddy and slow. It is
estimated by some that there will
be as many as fifty thousand peo-
ple to see that race. The main
feature of the excitement will be
to see if "Nancy" can reduce her
record one quarter of a second
and thus equal "Maud S." or
possibly reduce it one-half a sec-
ond, and thus make the fastest
trot ever made. For "Nancy
Hanks" to do that would require
the most favorable conditions, and
a muddy race track would almost
certainly be fatal to such an
achievement.

While the real interest of hu-
manity is that we should have
rain and make bread, if left to a
vote of the people of the United
States they would sacrifice the
whole wheat crop of the Bluegrass
Region in order that Nancy Hanks
might have a mile of road to suit
her, for a little more than two
minutes.

So that even if we had absolute
control of the rain, not only could
we not get the people to agree as
to when they would have it, but
we could not anticipate the nec-
essary conditions that would make
such a rain desirable.

It is not infrequently the case
that years that have, what for the
time are regarded disastrous
drouths, prove ultimately to be
signally successful crop years.
Such a year as the present one.

"The Worker" Endorses "The
Pen" on The Blade.

The Pen, an excellent little
monthly exchange, from Melton's
Va., says:
"We take no stock in infidelity;
but we do admire the way in
which the Blue Grass Blade gets
down to the bed rock principles of
sound Christian morality, and
slashes right and left the enemies
of God and humanity—even if its
editor does profess to be an in-
fidel".

To all of which we say:
"Them's our sentiments, precat-
ory". Amen.—The Worker

Col. Billy Breckinridge and
Lyman Abbott, as "Friends
and Champions of the
Liquor Traffic."

The "Champion of Freedom
and Right," is published in Chi-
cago, by a Dutchman named Paul
Schuster, and is printed half in
English and half in Dutch. It
claims to be "The National Repre-
sentative of the Beer, Wine and
Spirit trade".

It may be that Paul is
"beholder" little vain-glorious in
his noble aspiration to be "The
National representative" etc., but
among the liquor men I think his
paper is counted as high author-
ity.

It is edited with as much intel-
lectual and moral ability as any
you would reasonably expect to find
in a paper that advocates its cause.
Its last issue devotes over a
column to extracts from what the
Blade said about Billy Breckin-
ridge and Lyman Abbott go-
ing to Iowa to speak against Pro-
hibition, with its comments
thereon.

The article of the "Champion"
has a triple head, in big capitals,
and reads thusly:

"The Liquor Traffic Advocates.
How they are abused by the press.
The lost Braying of a dying
Jackass."

The article begins by saying:
For some time past one Chas. C.
Moore, of Lexington, Ky., made a
regular ass of himself—outdoing even
the notorious Sam Jones—in a paper
called "The Blue Grass Blade."

In the last issue crazy Charlie an-
nounces that his paper is busted; and
he is going to stop publication and
act as agent for the N. Y. Voice. The
last kick of the dying Jackass is in
the direction of the Champion which
has ever been an eye-sore to every
Prohibition shouter in the land.

The "Champion" then goes on
and quotes what I said, and al-
ludes to me as being "crazy," and closes
as follows:

It is a good thing that such blather-
skites are starved out. Their own
chums despise and loath them. This
is but a mild specimen of the abuse
and obloquy that is heaped by the
Prohibition press upon the friends
and champions of the liquor traffic.
And yet how do those who fight for
discharge their obligation to us? They
ought to be ashamed of themselves.
Our subscribers and advertising pa-
trons of course excepted.

Thus from beginning to end of
this article, this Dutch infidel
liquor editor, recognizes our "sil-
ver tongue" sweet William and
Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn,
N. Y. two of the most sanctified
Presbyterians in America, as "the
friends and champions of the
liquor traffic."

And yet the Christian church
in Lexington, that fired me be-
cause I was an infidel, lately had
Billy Breckinridge to deliver a
Sunday school address to the chil-
dren of that church.

In other words, an infidel
Dutchman in Chicago, who is al-
most certainly the friend of the
Nihilists that were hung there for
cold blooded murder—an editor
who makes his living by inducing
young men to drink the whisky
that infidel Dutch and Catholic

Irish and low white men and nig-
gers sell them, can recommend to
the Christian church in Lexing-
ton, Ky., its dear friend Reverend
Colonel William Campbell Pres-
ton Breckinridge D. D. L. L. D.
as a friend and champion of the
liquor traffic," and therefore a
most fitting personage to address
young people in a Sunday-school;
and this church, whose pet horror,
next to sprinkling babies, is Cal-
vanism, at the suggestion of the
Chicago Champion, selects this
head and front of all Calvinistic
offending to poison the minds of
the youth of this city with his
ideas of religion and morals.

The Champion quotes that I
said of Breckinridge and Abbott,
"Damn such men."
To this I now add Damn such
a church.

"Selling the Farm Away."
Fine old farm for a hundred years
Kept in the family name
Grand old place with golden ears
On the richest soil
Grew the best of wheat and corn
And still the best kept coming in
Selling in for a hundred years
And the fourth in the family line appears

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill
Older forty barrels they say—
Three in season to come from the mill
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day
And they drank as they worked, and they
drank as they ate

Winter and summer, early and late
Counting it as a great mishap
To find in for a hundred years
To find "without a barrel on tap"

But, while the seasons crop along
And pass on into happy days
Their appetites become as strong
As ever a wretched drouth knew
And they labored less and they squandered
more

Chiefly the rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day
To sign the homestead farm away

The father shuddered and seemed with regret
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrow dumb,
In debt for the boot she was dying in:
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her
stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Swept down her temples bare!
And the father, already bowed with years,
Sighed lower with despair!
Drunk! Drunk! he has signed into law
For them and all they loved below
And signed them poor, and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many more have I met in life,
And many a call to weep
But the saddest of all was the drouth's wife
Signing the farm away.